

# THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

## ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50  
Post Paid to all parts of the world



“A”

H.Q.

“B”

ALLIED WITH 1<sup>ST</sup> THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

STANLEY BARRACKS  
TORONTO, ONT.

MARCH, 1933

CAVALRY BARRACKS  
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# MURPHY AT MARESFIELD

□ MARCH, 1915 □



(Major MacMillan) "WHAT THE BLANK BLANK ARE YOU MARCHING UP AND DOWN FOR MURPHY — AREN'T YOU CORPORAL OF THE GUARD? — AND WHERE ARE ALL THE SENTRIES!?"

(Corporal Murphy) "SURE SOR, AN' IT'S A NASTY DAY, SO I SENT THE B'YS ALL AWAY-T' THEIR DINNER SOR!"



# Personal & Regimental

## Eglington Hunt Club Notes.

The officers of the Regiment again were very much in the lime-light at the Winter Show held at the Eglington Hunt Club on Saturday February 25th 1933, winning awards in almost every event and providing stiff competition where they were not so successful. In the Knock-down and Out Class Capt. S. C. Bates' entries 'Spats' and Keodore, Capt. C. C. Mann on Bronte and Lieut. A. P. Ardagh on Belfast Mary were among the six tied for first place, and after a jump off, Bronte was still tied, and in the second jump off was defeated and had to be content with second place. Other ribbons won in this event were 3rd won by Capt. S. C. Bate on Spats, and 5th won by Lieut. A. P. Ardagh on Belfast Mary. The last named was tied for fourth place after a jump-off, but lost the toss-up to decide the ultimate winner of fourth place. The Tabulated results are given blow:

### Open Jumping.

Lieut. A. P. Ardagh on Belfast Mary, 1st.

Capt. S. C. Bate, on Mountain Top, 2nd.

Capt. C. C. Mann, on Bronte, 4th.

Capt. S. C. Bate, on Keodore, 5th.

### Pair Jumping:

Capt. S. C. Bate and Capt. C. C. Mann, on Bronte and Spats 2nd.

Capt. S. C. Bate and Capt. C. C. Mann, on Keodore and Mountain Top, 3rd.

### Knock Down and Out.

Capt. C. C. Mann on Bronte, 2nd after two jumps off.

Capt. S. C. Bate, on Spats, 3rd after one jump-off.

Lieut. A. P. Ardagh on Belfast Mary, 5th losing toss up.

### Polo Pony Bending Race.

Lieut. H. A. Phillipps on Bony Queen, 4th.

## INDOOR POLO

### Masters' Shield Competition

In their first regular game for the Masters' Shield the R.C.D. team entered the ring against the strong aggregation from the York Polo Club who have met and defeated the best teams from across the border, and were therefore well 'broken' to competitive play.

The Dragoons held the York Club even for three chukkers being the short end of a 14-12 score. In the final chukker, the greater experience of the York Club was apparent and they were able to draw away from the Dragoons to win handily by the score of 20-13.

Credit must be given to the Dragoons who were forced to ride borrowed horses, and in spite of this obvious handicap were able to prove themselves more than a match for their doughty opponents, and they can be relied upon to provide several upsets before the tournament terminates.

The R.C.D. Team was composed of: Capt. C. C. Mann, and Lt. H. A. Phillips and A. P. Ardagh.

## OBITUARY

The Goat regrets to report the death at Toronto, Ontario, on Feb. the 24th, 1933 of Mrs. Alice Widgery, widow of the late James Widgery in her 74th year. Mrs. Widgery will be remembered by all the old comrades prior to 1911 or 1912 and perhaps some of the men who joined later may have met this very charming Lady, the life partner of one of our best known old comrades.

A married man wants "a den" almost as soon as he realizes that he has a "keeper."

During the month "The Goat" heard from Capt. J. Whitehead, Church House, Three Rivers, Que. who is still in the land of the living and going strong.

The Royal Canadian School of Cavalry, brought its six weeks course of instruction to a close at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns on Saturday, March 11th. A lot of these candidates have come a long way to take this course and we accordingly wish them best of luck and success in their examinations.

In last month's issue we regret to say that we omitted to mention the name of the sender of "Medals and their Meaning." Mr. T. D. Macey, who very kindly sent in this article is a constant contributor to "The Goat" his articles are always full of interest, and we greatly appreciate his efforts to provide us with interesting data.

It is interesting to know that the "Royals" are now stationed at Meerut, India, having moved from Trimulgherry late last year and now form part of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade with the 3rd Cavalry and the 19th K.G.O. Lancers commanded by Brigadier E. M. Dorman, D.S.O., M.C.

E. Battery is the Horse Artillery Battery in the Brigade. Other units in the station are the 1st Bn. The Black Watch, 12th Field Brigade R.A. and the 10th/2nd Punjab Regiment.

We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of The Eagle (The Royal Dragoons Journal) and The Household Brigade Magazine.

We were all very pleased to have Cpl. (Taffy) Morgan of 'B' Sqd. spend a few days with us at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, before he sailed for his home in Wales. We heard very good reports of 'B' Sqd. and wish taffy the best of luck on his six weeks holiday abroad.

## GARRISON BOXING TEAM CAVALRY BARRACKS

On Friday, February 17th, 1933, the undermentioned personnel represented the Garrison at a Boxing Tournament held in Montreal, by the C.P.R., A.A. Association.

Tpr. Dunk, R.C.D. 118 lb class  
Tpr. Gell, R.C.D. 135 lb class  
Tpr. Wendon, R.C.D. 160 lb class  
Pte. Brier, R.C.R. 145 lb class  
Pte. Cameron, R.C.R. 135 lb class

Taking into consideration the fact that our boys were matched against much superior skill, and stamina, the very least that can be said is that they did exceedingly well, showed splendid spirit and were certainly a credit to the Garrison. Although they did not bring home five wins, they left a good account of themselves behind, and in the words of the Tournament Manager, were well worth keeping an eye on for future occasions.

Tpr. Dunk, who met A. Massalonga, C.P.R. had a very narrow margin in his fight. Although the decision went against him, it could not have been by much, as by the remarks of the audience in general they seemed to favour an extra round, which we think would have reversed the decision.

Tpr. Gell, although having a hard nut to crack, did not seem to show up to his expected form, as it seemed that he rushed things a little too much in the first round, whereby losing a lot that he did not get the chance to pick up again. We think he can do better next time.

Tpr. Wendon, who took the place of Tpr. Lewis, (who, late in training, suffered an injured right hand) showed real good sportsmanship in tackling a very good man. Wendon was not in his real boxing shape, although otherwise very physically fit. He put up a splendid show, and we want to see him in the ring again at the next tournament.

Pte. Brier, R.C.R., had a good chance to learn a lot of ring craft



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as the coloured gentleman that opposed him was full of it. Tommy was wise enough to keep well away from this gentleman's wild swings, in fact he had little chance of getting in under them. His arms were too long. Tommy did excellent, especially being one of our youngest boxers. He will do better still.

Pte. Cameron, R.C.R. was back to his former self on this occasion, and disposed of his opponent in the second round. The last time Charlie was in the ring, something must have gone wrong, because all he knew deserted him rather suddenly, but this time Charlie took no chances. He took good stock of his man in the first round, and when the second opened, forced the fight to obtain a splendid opening which he was quick to take advantage of, and delivered one of the cleanest K.O.'s that has been seen for a long time.

As this is the first occasion for a number of years when any of the Garrison took part in boxing in Montreal, we must congratulate them on the excellent impression they made with the officials of the C.P.R., A.A.A. who had nothing but the highest praise for them. When it is taken into consideration that these lads trained

under very inadequate circumstances, and only for about three weeks, and doing their regular work and duties all the time, we are surprised that they did as well as they did. We are all certainly proud of them.

#### CAVALRY BARRACKS BILLIARD TEAM

The Garrison Billiard League schedule has come to a close with a very interesting play-off series between first and Third Troop, First troop winning the Championship, being victorious in two out of the three games.

Trooper Manning was an outstanding player throughout the season, having the best average and highest break, as well as being a member of the winning team.

#### Winning Team:

Tpr. Manning  
Tpr. Cornwall  
L/Cpl. McDonald  
Tpr. Omelusk  
L/C. Raybould

High Break: Tpr Manning 35

#### Best Average:

Tpr. Manning . . . . . 4.54  
Cpl. Russell . . . . . 3.59  
Tpr. Madden . . . . . 3.45  
Tpr. Bailey . . . . . 3.11  
Tpr. Benton . . . . . 2.83  
Pte. Cook, R.C.R. . . . 2.80

The company commander was lecturing his men one day in a town on the Rhine. "Men" he said, We as an Army of Occupation must keep fit. Now, you seem to be able to drink this wine here quicker than they make it. Isn't it so?"

A voice from the rear answered "No Sir, but we've got em working nights."

The fellow who shoots square with the world never makes a failure, every time he doesn't succeed he adds something to himself that makes him more able to meet life without fear and enjoy victory without show.—L. A. Lincoln.

An Irish soldier was trying to open a bottle, but the cork was obdurate, he struggled for some time without success. At length in a burst of anger, he cried "I'll get ye out, even if I have to shove ye in."

## R.C.D. Old Comrades Association. The Annual Re-Union Smoker will be held at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, on Saturday, April 8th, 1933.

#### CAVALRY BARRACKS TROOP HOCKEY

Troop hockey started off with a big splash on March the 2nd. First Troop started the puck sliding against Second Troop in the first troop game of the season. A stranger, looking on, would have wondered whether it was a new game of Water Polo or a game of hockey thought out by some one, what with Jigg-Saw puzzles on our minds these days one is apt to think up anything strange.

As we said before, the ice was very rough, was very wet, and a little hard in some spots that we happened to notice, on one end of the rink a skater would start off on skates in a perfectly natural manner (as natural as circumstances permit,) on arriving at the other end of the rink he'd wish to high Heaven that he had a boat or even a bathing suit. One erstwhile player appeared on the rink with a stable broom. What his intentions were we know not. Perhaps he wanted to sweep off the ice at half time. What with "Sailor" Lawrence in first Troop Goal, and "Nat" Staples goaling for the Second Troop the game was a tie ending up with a score 5-5.

On March the 3rd we again ventured out against our friends the "Gravel Crushers" The ice was in much better shape, the playing being a good deal faster than previously. We had no idea that there was so many dark horses in the R.C.R.'s, we know better now. The game ended with a score 2-2.

On March the 5th the third Troop Matched hockey sticks with 2nd Troop, the playing was good in spite of the fact that Sergeant Blake of 3rd Troop, and Trooper Carter, of second Troop received a nasty cut over the eye, the score for this game being 3-2 in favor of the third troop.

On March the 8th we once

more challenged the R.C.R. to that nice little game of chasing the puck around the rink. Was it cold? Well, we won't argue that point, we do not know whether to attribute it to the cold weather or not, the drags were certainly in good form, the R.C.R. played well but the drags got the upper hold on them and held it, the score being 6-2 in favour of the drags. We couldn't help wondering where the goalie from 2nd Troop parked his pipe, we always understood that it was a valuable asset in goal keeping. We may be wrong.

So far there have been some rattling good games played, these prove that we have some very good hockey material. What with practice and training garrison should never be short of good enthusiastic players.

#### HOCKEY REMARKS

By Al. Taylor

.. Sport Column, The News,  
St. Johns, Que.

Hello everybody:—...No this is not Kate Smith talking....Just some one knockin at your cheaters ..are you going to read further? .....About that Hockey team of yours.....Refs and Offsides being what they are....make more hockey fans into fanatics, than eating crackers in bed.....That we had bigger and better offsides this year than ever before....in spite of the depression....is certified by the eminent Mr. Jules Gervais, Ref. extraordinary and Hippo of senior hockey in this province of Quebec.....The so called Hippo called back seventy three plays in one game this season. If you're starting to get what we mean? oke....Zo ....from Refs. to Offsides we graduate to players.... (Not necessarily hockey players) Your Mr. Eric Forgrave is going to be a hockey player someday... .. (if we know our hockey) If he is handled right will really go pla-

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res.....He is at a point where a Mgr. can make or break him.... If Art. Therrien of Verdun could be interested in him.....he'd be away a head....Therrien is the best man in Montreal for breaking in kids.....If your Mr. Blondy Forgrave will still consider himself a promising hockey player....and not Mr. Howie Morenz...or Frankie Boucher....We have hopes in getting him a try out in big time next season....Incidentally taking high scoring honors in his second year of hockey.....is smart work....Your Mr. As you desire me Carpenter was by for the most valuable man on the team. Given practically no relief....He surprised the fans with his smart work this season....was the most popular player in the league.....The up a coming Mr. Robert Wish.....he of the terrific shot from the star board side walked away from the other boys (and girls) and helped himself to the Pat Nicholson trophy.....Donated for the player garnering the most assists.....Your very much esteemed member gathered seven of these good deeds....enough to start a helping hands society.. If you're interested....Still with us Well Well....Joe Marinier the Poosh em up defence man is a real find....and should be an assist next year. His blocking was very crude out effective..Have you ever noticed the strong resemblance (From the back) of your Mr. Vic Jewkes to Hal. Cotton of the Leafs? Have you? Betcha haven't .... Notice next time he's skating away from you....Don't tell Conny Smythe about this you guys in Stanley Barracks.....Roger Gaudette local speed dispenser provided the old inspiration to your boys....and helped we'd venture....The games that went into the win column of your score sheet were well earned.....and by taking each team in the league at least once....you accomplished something that Army teams haven't done since 1926.....

#### Heard at the Canadian School of Cavalry

Instructor: "Why does the Guard Commander inspect his Guard at Reveille?"

Att. N.C.O.: "To see if they are all there, I guess."

## St. Patrick's Day.

It is rather a coincidence that the date of "The Goat's" birthday should be the same as that of the feast of St. Patrick. Persons with a perverted sense of humour have seized this as a pretext for indulging in much vulgar ribaldry at our expense.

Amongst others they have insinuated that we harbour "Orange" sentiments, mentioning the colour of our cover as a proof. This is too ridiculous to call forth denial; we pass it over, as Mrs. Malaprop would have said, with perfect equanimity. However, as any real Irishman should know, 'way back in the good, ould days when "Ireland was a nation, before England was a pup, the national flag of Ireland was a "Sunburst" on a blue background. This proves that neither orange nor green is the real Irish colour. It would be hardly good policy to endow our magazine with a blue cover, as it might receive the same fate as the majority of blue books and be laid carefully aside, unopened.

St. Patrick, as we all know, though not an Irishman, is the Patron Saint of Ireland. Now we have no intention of taking sides in the furious controversy which has raged for years respecting the nationality of the illustrious Saint so everybody "sit easy," please. Some say he was a native of Gaul, or what is now the northern part of France; others avow his birthplace was in Central Europe, a number of "diehards" swear that he was an Irish "gentleman," educated abroad, who, like all good Irishmen, returned to his native sod.

The shamrock is always associated with St. Patrick, and is also the Emblem of Ireland for a very good reason. It was by means of the shamrock that the Saint explained the mystery of the Trinity to the then inhabitant of Erin. And so on the 17th of March, all good Irishmen and a great many more who would like to be, wear the "dear little plant" as a tribute to Ireland and in memory of Saint Patrick.

Still, the times have changed in these last few years, and for the worst. Not so many years ago, St. Patrick's Day used to be the premier feast-day in Ireland. There

would be a fair in every town, with "lashings" to eat and drink, and no one to say you no, but everyone egging you on till you felt ashamed to look a pig in the face. All the boys and girls would come in for miles around and there would be dancing and fighting, and in the evening there wouldn't be much dancing. Everyone would have a lovely time and it would all end up with a grand "free-for-all" in which anyone could join in that liked.

But in these days of League of Nations, prohibition, Y.M.C.A.'s and disarmaments, everyone is seeking a moral uplift. It isn't a moralizing uplift they want but a demoralizing uppercut. Why, nowadays, you have almost to insult a man before he'll fight on St. Patrick's Day. If there's anything on now on "Pattern Day" it's either a concert or a ball; if you go to one they'll screech your ears off with "jazz-time" Irish songs, and if to the other they'll stick you in a corner and hand you a lump of dough and a cup of coffee, and if you try to start a friendly argument they'll send for a police-man.

But if the Republicans ever get into power in Ireland, then we'll have the old days back again, when a man can go out and get his head broken if he wants to. And a very good thing too, for it's better to have your head broken when you're expecting it than to walk along and have nothing happen when you're not expecting it.

#### IDLE THOUGHTS

We sometimes wonder what the men who draws the weather maps does when he is sober.

The real estate agents used to talk about a house having a dry cellar as if that was in its favour.

One excuse for a man not drowning his sorrow might be that she is bigger than he is.

There is only one way to tell a bungalow from a shed, if it has a tenant it is a bungalow.

First Trooper: "I asked if I could see her home."

Second Trooper: "What did she say?"

First Trooper: "She said that she would send me a photograph of it."

## SUGARIN-TIME, HEIGHO FOR THE WOODS

By Bertha Price

It is quite likely that the White Man would have discovered the maple sap, and might have begun the work of making sugar with less primitive methods than those of his Red Brothers; but since the day when a maple tree was gashed with a hatchet and the sap boiled in an earthen vessel, there have been wonderfull strides in this spring industry. Maple products belong exclusively to those sections of the country in which the hardwood maple flourishes; and the maple tree has given to Canada, not only a symbolic name, but a noble heritage.

Its hard, finely grained wood supplies timber for many uses, its form and colouring places it amongst the best of shade and ornamental trees, this especially during the autumn when our landscapes are greatly enriched with its gorgeous foliage.

A maple grove in autumn is "a lovely spot" and there is an appeal also, in a maple grove that erradiates spring. The "call of the wild" reaches to the heart of the town or city and many avail themselves of the opportunity of going to sugar camps to enjoy a real sugaring off.

The pans of waxed sugar passed around in a small community meeting place provide a make-shift; but to those who have tasted the joys and sweetness of the sugar camp party there comes always a desire.

"To eat with a small wooden paddle

Maple wax from a bucket of snow."

The old world is where we live now, The new world where we go where we die.

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racks, Toronto.

## Which Is The Chief Cavalry Weapon?

From The Cavalry Journal, 1907

### Extracts from "Le Spectateur Militaire."

On the subject of armament of  
Cavalry—Showing that rifle, lan-  
ce, or sword are equally import-  
ant, to be used according to the  
occasion, but that the horse is the  
chief weapon of all.

In a charge, according to statis-  
tics of the late wars, little harm  
is done with the sword, but by the  
cohesion of the ranks and by pace,  
etc. In a melee the weapon is  
useless unless handled by an adroit  
horseman.

In France the sword is the chief  
arm of the Cavalryman.

In Germany the lance is his  
chief weapon. The 'Field Manual'  
says: 'The sword is necessary for  
the trooper to have to fall back  
upon when he has unfortunately  
lost or broken his lance. He should  
be trained so as to be able to use  
it under the simplest conditions.

'The steel weapon is used for  
charging the enemy's troops when  
they are surprised or decimated.

'The rifle is for dislodging them  
from a position.

### Dismounted Action

We should teach our Cavalry not  
only to ride and use the sword but  
to fight on foot and make good  
use of their rifles.

The Arabs, Tartars, Cossacks,  
etc., (all great people for horses)  
have always looked on fire action  
as a matter of course, and have al-  
ways employed the method which  
appeared best—either fighting on  
foot or on horseback.

'The lack of rifles was daily felt  
to such an extent that at the end  
the true role of Cavalry disappear-  
ed.'

'The officers' ideas should be  
trained in the attack and carefully  
kept from the prevalent mistake to  
seeing in the use of "fire action"  
a means of shirking the stern reso-  
lution and responsibility which are  
necessary in a bold dash and hand-  
to-hand fighting with the enemy.

Cromwell, Frederick, Sheridan,  
and Napoleon all gave their cav-  
alry rifles and were enabled to

make their mounted troops play a  
prominent part in the wars of their  
time.

The idea that fighting on foot  
will rob Cavalry of its enterprise  
dash, etc., is entirely false, for it  
rests on the lack of knowledge of  
human nature and the proper em-  
ployment of the arm.

Veterans will tell you that fight-  
ing with the sword is the only way  
—the use of the rifle nonsense and  
dangerous folly.

To these dashers of another age  
I would tell what General Hohen-  
lohe found in the campaign of  
1070:

Are small detachments of Cav-  
alry which have not Artillery to  
help them to make no use of the  
rifle? Certainly not!

In our days, with long-range rif-  
les, we can ignore the support of  
Infantry and guns.

General Hohenlohe says that it  
is in defence that Cavalry fights on  
foot, especially when it has the  
time to occupy a position and well  
hide itself. This is bound to de-  
ceive the enemy and may check his  
main body from taking a part in  
a decisive action; or prevent him  
from seizing and occupying im-  
portant strategic points before the  
Cavalry's own force comes up.

Cavalry will often meet groups  
of the enemy's Infantry skilfully  
concealed, who will keep it at a  
distance and prevent it getting  
near the main position.

The Cavalry will not be able  
to dislodge the Infantry by the  
use of the sword, and yet it must  
go on with the reconnaissance.

The Cavalry must consequently  
attack on foot.

Advance guard Cavalry may see  
the necessity of checking the ene-  
my until his own Infantry comes  
up to hold advantageous positions.

When Cavalry are checked by  
small Infantry detachments out-  
flanking movements should be em-  
ployed.

Cavalry should employ dismount-  
ed action when holding a pass or  
defile to allow its main body to  
come through, combining this, of  
course, with Cavalry movements in  
the open, if necessary.

Marshall von Moltke says that it  
is often useful to have a squadron  
dismounted when holding an im-  
portant pass, a rallying or cover-  
ing point, until the Infantry ar-  
rives or passes.

Under these circumstances he

advises the rest of the regiment  
to remain close at hand to charge  
and so cover the dismounted men,  
if necessary, when they have to  
mount.

General Schlichting says that it  
is not pleasant for the Cavalryman  
to have to fight on foot and to  
leave his horse in the face of hos-  
tile Cavalry, and yet it is the sur-  
est way of holding them when  
they are in superior numbers.

A squadron cannot hope to check  
and drive back by charging a  
regiment of enemy's Cavalry, but  
with dismounted action it may  
succeed in doing so.

In the American War, with the  
Southerners the charge in close  
order was favoured, but they often  
had recourse to fighting on foot,  
as they were useful with firearms.

When they met opposing Cav-  
alry in concealed trenches or could  
not calculate his strength, quickly  
a few crack shots were dismounted  
who endeavoured either to dislodge  
him or make him show his  
strength.

The Northerners had a great pre-  
dilection for firearms; they in-  
variably combined fighting on foot  
with fighting on horseback.

On August 20th, 1862 at Brandy  
Station, Colonel Jones, leading the  
7th Virginia Cavalry, after hav-  
ing taken a half-squadron of en-  
emy prisoners, was held by some  
skirmishers in a wood. He dis-  
mounted his regiment while Gen-  
eral Robertson, with three regiments  
attacked the enemy in flank.

At Poolesville, Stuart, finding  
the ford of the Potomac held by a  
strong force of Infantry, dismount-  
ed his leading squadron, which  
opened fire on the enemy. Under  
cover of this he found a ford at  
Whiteford, crossed with his force  
and drove back the enemy.

In 1870, the Germans, whose  
Dragoons of the Guard and Hus-  
sars alone carried firearms often  
regretted their scarcity of arms,  
and eventually issued the chasse-  
pots taken from the French to  
their cavalry N.C.O's and best  
men.

In front of La Chesne, two  
squadrons of the 16th Prussian  
Hussars stormed the villages, tak-  
ing the French troops prisoners,  
whilst the other two squadrons  
were turning the position. This  
fight opened to the German Army  
the road to Bazancy.

During the Turco-Russian War



of 1887, we find most constant examples of fighting on foot. The Russian Cavalry got their exaggerated predilection for this sort of fighting from this Balkan War, as the Turks did not care to meet them with cold steel.

In defending the Chipka Pass, the 1st and 2nd sotnias of the 23rd Regiment of the Don dashed as hard as they could for the position, dismounted, and checked the Turks' forward movement by fire.

Whether the fight is offensive or defensive, it is necessary to attain the object as quickly as possible; and therefore, so as to get the greatest effect of fire, the largest available force should be employed.

#### Mounted Action

Are we Cavalry to think that our time has gone by? No! a thousand times. In spite of quick-firing guns, with long ranges, smokeless powder and high explosives, the Cavalry, well armed; well instructed and well commanded will still know how to fulfill a most important part. Before, during, and after the battle let our Cavalry be good horsemen, let them know how to use the rifle as well as the sword.

But in all things let the Cavalry remain Cavalry, turning the horse to account and making it its chief weapon.

Let the Cavalryman ride and fight with his sword whenever he can, choosing favourable opportunities and the best ground, only attacking demoralized infantry and Cavalry when on the move unsupported. The charge will always remain the thing in which it will be the Cavalryman's pride to die sword in hand; nevertheless, let us seize every opportunity which may occur for dismounted action, and thus do all the damage we can to the enemy.

This fighting on foot must be of short duration and of no great importance.

It would be absurd to turn the Cavalryman into a mongrel—neither an Infantry nor Cavalry soldier.

Fighting on foot should be barred except when it is impossible to fight on horseback.

These considerations must be decided by the officer's judgment and nerve, but to say that fighting on foot robs Cavalry of



Sailing, Sailing,  
Over the Bounding Main???

its "spirit" is absurd.

General Hohenlohe says that of yore a strong arm, a good sword and a good horse were the requisites of a good Cavalryman, but now intelligence and energy are also needed.

Horsemanship is of supreme importance.

Cavalry is the arm of surprise, and this can be accomplished by the swiftness and skill of its attack with the sword. Cavalry can also thanks to the long range of the rifle it possesses, throw confusion at long distances and unexpectedly, into the enemy's columns, force its Infantry to deploy, and then, the effect being produced, vanish and renew the same tactics at another point, thus employing its privileged mobility to harass and demoralise the enemy by repeated attacks, whilst remaining itself out of reach.

An Irishman coming out of the either in the ward after an operation exclaimed audibly "Thank God that's over."

"Don't be too sure," said the man in the next bed, "They left a sponge in me and had to cut me open to get it out."

"Why they had to open me too, to find one of their instruments," said a patient on the other side.

Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman came in and said to the Nurse "Did you see my glove; Nurse?"

The Irishman fainted.

"Nearly all of the misery in the world, if not all of it, is due to the evil in people's imaginations."—Canon Dewar.

#### NEVER BE A WAR WITHOUT A HORSE

London.—The part played by horses in the war—a few figures given by Major-General Sir John Moore (who was Director of Veterinary Services with the B.E.F.)

Before the war the Home Army had 23,000 horses. The Expeditionary Force, which mobilized and went to France, had 53,000.

In the first 12 days of the war 165,000 were requisitioned. Throughout the war about 1,361,000 were bought. At one period animals on all fronts totalled more than 1,000,000.

"It is inconceivable," says Sir John, "That any war could be conducted without horses."

During Lord Allenby's advance on Jerusalem in 1917-18 some horses engaged went without water for 84 hours.

"No mechanical substitutes have filled the role so successfully borne by animal flesh and blood," Sir John adds.

Sweet young thing (After hockey game) "What was the Score?"

Soldier: "Two all."

S.Y.T.: "Who won?"

#### OLD DOBBIN COMES BACK

A paragraph of special interest to Canadian farmers, appearing in the annual report of the Horse Division of the Livestock Branch is quoted as follows:

"In certain sections there is a demand for lighter clear-legged horses, big enough to do some work on the farm and also suitable for a certain amount of road work. The demand for hunters and saddlers compared with some previous years is by no means keen, nevertheless the outstanding animal still finds a market at a however, is apparently as keen as ever judging by the fact that hunt and riding clubs are increasing rather than decreasing even under present conditions. This goes to show that as conditions improve the demand for this type of horse will steadily increase. As it takes at least five years to develop a hunter, and as there is a scarcity of them in the country today, the horseman that continues to breed will be fortunate one, four, or five years hence. The same holds true in the breeding of draught horses. The demand for horses for draught work is growing and will undoubtedly continue for some time owing to economic conditions.

W. J.

#### HORSE FRIGHTENED FARMER

Seattle, Wash. (U.P.) Police summoned to a terrific farmer's home found him frightened by his horse which after dipping its muzzle in molasses, had reverted to a falfa and emerged with "whiskers."

"The ultimate value of our scientific achievements rests upon our ability to use them to broaden and to enrich our lives."—David Sarloff.

#### Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your drugs and toilet articles at

REGNIER'S Drug Store

Richelieu St.

Phone 582

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## Swordmanship.

From the "Eagle" of Jan. 1933.

The Sword, in conjunction with the horse, is the primary weapon of the Cavalryman, and the sword is the only existing reason for our arm of the Service. Without it we become mounted infantrymen, so it is up to every individual in the cavalry to become an expert in the handling of the sword. There are two distinct methods of handling the sword, namely, mounted and dismounted. As we are primarily a mounted branch of the Service we will deal with the mounted swordmanship first.

The ground work of mounted swordmanship is dealt with pretty thoroughly on the square and at riding school, and as much of the drill and elementary handling of the weapon which can be put into print is very well described in Cavalry Training Volume I, but the finer points of skill with the weapon are not brought out until the Drummy Thrusting Competitions take place in the annual horse shows and at Olympia. It is with these finer points we propose to deal.

In the first place before a man can hope to handle his sword in the true cavalry manner, he must be able to ride his horse at any target, wherever it is presented to him. In a cavalry charge very little expert handling is required and it is a case of "Devil take the hindmost." It is in the melee following such an action where true swordmanship is required. When the target is presented the horse should be under perfect control and the rider "at one" with his mount. The enemy should be engaged in sufficient time to allow the attacker to decide upon his method of attack. If the target is an enemy cavalryman to the right front and he is pointing his weapon to the right of the attacker's sword, a right parry and point delivered correctly should dispose of the enemy; but the enemy might be just as expert a swordsman and "double" round the party. In this case the attacker must be taught to form his "counter-parry" and come over at once to the left parry. In this case the point of the attacker's sword would have to be taken off the target and would be of no use

the hilt should then be brought against this particular enemy, and into use, for in spite of all the teaching to the contrary, people who have competed in Sabre v Sabre competitions mounted, all declare that the point of the sword cannot be kept on the target when a left parry is made correctly. For a straight forward thrust, the swordman should straighten his arm and lock it by turning the hand as far over to his left as possible, turn the edge of his blade up and incline his body forward just before the moment of impact. These factors, combined with a sudden spring forward by the horse, enable the target to be pierced easily with the least chance of a dropped weapon or broken wrist or arm. It is a mistake to ride the horse too close in to the target because, if the enemy is mounted and coming at the attacker, the combined speed of the two horses meeting amounts to roughly 30 miles per hour, and a shock to a human being with only his grip and stirrups to support the strongest riders. On the other hand it is fatal to ride too wide from him on his horse, coming straight him at this speed will uned the target because of having to reach over to one side in order to score a hit. The ideal angle at which to deliver a thrust is 30 degrees to the right front. It stands to reason that it is too much to expect all targets to present themselves for this form of attack, but no sane cavalryman would allow an enemy to come up on his left if he could avoid it. In all dummy thrusting, whether in competition or at instruction, pupils are being taught to deliver their thrusts with such vim that the hilt of the sword meets the body of the dummy with a thump. This is all very well where the target happens to be an inanimate thing stuffed which has very little resistance against a well sharpened sword, but where the target happens to be a being of bone, flesh and blood, wearing a suit of clothing and leather and metal equipment it is hardly possible to drive the sword into him to such an extent. Of course a strong vigorous thrust is necessary, but the nine inches of sharpened feeble is sufficient to render the strongest of men "hors de combat". In fact two inches of it in any part of the chest, abdomen, throat or face

cause the target to become a severely hit casualty with a very small chance of resuming his duties as a fighting menace.

We have said very little about making an attack to the left. If the target is suitably placed and is caught unprepared to meet the attack, the ordinary thrust to the left front should be sufficient, but if the target happens to be armed with a lance and is prepared for the attack it becomes a different matter altogether. It then becomes a case for a left parry followed by a punch to the head with the hilt of the sword. Because of the speed at which cavalry attacks are made, there would be no chance of the point coming into use after a left parry. This should be borne in mind when a class is

being taught, and the old "left parry and point" should be abolished. As a matter of fact, the only parry which can be followed up by a point is the right parry delivered at cavalry whose weapon is held at the same height as the attacker's weapon. For any other parry a deviation of the point from the target is essential in order to form the parry correctly and strong enough to take off a firmly held weapon of any description.

Our present sword is primarily a thrusting weapon, and should be used as such whenever the opportunity presents itself, and this only happens when cavalry meets a surprised enemy target. If the opponent is prepared to meet an attack, parries become necessary unless the thrust of the sword is delivered first. The enemy then comes under the "surprised" heading. If any other than a right parry and point at cavalry is made, the thrust becomes an impossibility. But the sword is sharpened for cutting and any parry can be followed by a cut. This fact should receive more attention during the instructional period, and suitable drill laid down for the use of cuts. For instance, if a cavalryman had to parry off an infantry bayonet to his right front, the easiest parry, the cavalryman's point would be too low and too wide to render his opponent any appreciable harm. The cavalryman, presenting his horse as he is taught to do, would be past his target before the point of his sword could be presented at it in order to make the thrust, but a smart cut at the target's head in passing would stand

a very good chance of getting home.

For any parry at infantry on the left, if the parry is successful, that is about all that is possible, although a punch with the hilt might get home, or a cut might be attempted.

Points and parries to the rear were taught at one time, but these are not practicable. The best thing for a cavalryman to do if attacked from the rear is to take the fullest advantage of his horse and endeavour to get his opponent in front of him. The attacker always stands the better chance of coming off the winner, but he must be taught to turn his attack into defence when he meets somebody as good as he is and it is the opinion of many that not sufficient time is spent in teaching defence with the sword. We all know that attack is the best defence, but all defences are not impregnable, and where the attack fails the remaining methods of defence, parries etcetera, must be resorted to. Mounted fencing and singleticks were both taught in the cavalry at one time, and they did bring out the two things, attack and defence, in one operation. Then, a living target mounted on a real live horse was attacked by another living being who was armed and mounted in the same manner. In your present system of training a man is taught to attack a dummy which is anchored to the ground and stands no chance of retaliating, and to parry off a stationary weapon held by a dummy which makes no attempt at an attack or defence of any description. In this way, swordmanship becomes merely a matter of routine and correct positions. In the old way, horsemanship, skill in the use of the sword, eye, brain, quick thinking and strength of arm and wrist met the same qualities, and the natural result is that swordmanship at the present day is below the standard of that which was to be found before the war.

So much for the use of the sword when mounted. We will suppose that a cavalry charge has just been made, your horse stumbles or is killed under you and you are left on your feet with one of the enemy similarly unhorsed. What happens now? In the first place, if you are still able to carry on dismounted, of what weapons are you



in possession? Your horse has either galloped off with your rifle or has fallen on it and rendered it unserviceable. Your only weapon now is the sword, which is attached to your wrist by the sword knot. This is where training in fencing dismounted with the sabre would prove a useful bit of knowledge. This art is not being taught generally throughout the cavalry, and it certainly seems to be a great mistake not to include it in the general training of all cavalry recruits and regular competitions held at all regimental horse shows annually. Besides being a fine exercise and a good sports event in itself, fencing taught properly, teaches all the finer points of swordsmanship which are so necessary for mounted fighting, and also makes the pupil better able to give a good account of himself if he finds himself deprived of his horse and rifle. There is very little difference between any of the positions of the engage or parries in fencing and mounted sword-fighting, and fencing against another living man who is similarly armed teaches the correct use of the sword itself better than any amount of the ordinary sword drill as laid down in Cavalry Training can possibly teach. Fencing teaches quickness of hand and brain and straightness of eye, all of which are so necessary when it comes to mounted fighting. It might be put up for argument that the parry stick does all these things, but it will be found that in nearly all cases the parry stick causes the pupil to flinch and to form his parries incorrectly, whereas in fencing, master and pupil both being protected by mask, jacket and glove, the pupil gains confidence in himself and he handles himself and his sword, the better for this confidence. At a demonstration given in the Army School of Physical Training at Aldershot, it was shewn that an unarmed man with a thorough knowledge of fencing with a sabre was more than a match for a man armed with a sabre without the necessary fencing knowledge, and by means of parries made with the naked hand, the unarmed man was able, in all cases to disarm his opponent and turn his weapon against him. Bearing these things in mind, it will be seen that in order to retain his weapon, let

alone kill his opponent a cavalryman should be taught the art of dismounted fencing with the sabre in case he ever finds himself in the unenviable position of being unhorsed with only his sword as his means of defence.

## CANADIAN VACATIONS.

### Sport Fishing in Canada

The inclination to commit mayhem is almost irresistible when some anglers return from a trip in Canada. They come with splendid trophies and tales of fish abounding in a limpid lake which they have discovered. Coaxing, pleading and threats fail to persuade them to divulge the specific location of this acme of fishing waters. The wise angler need not take umbrage at this reticence for such waters are plentiful throughout Canada. Meagre knowledge of the resources of Canada is mainly accountable for this needless secrecy, and the experienced angler, fishing year after year in Canada will be found to be far from chary with his information. Almost any fisherman who angles in that country is sure to find a similar fishing ground, one which may prove to be far superior to the lake of fabulous sized fish of which the returned anglers relates.

The Dominion is able to offer to the fisherman a great diversity of fish in both inland and sea waters. They range in size from the giant tuna to the comparatively diminutive brook trout, than which there are few tastier morsels to tempt the palate of the epicure. The combined length of the principal rivers of Canada is more than 47,000 miles, which figure does not include the hundreds of small rivers and streams where fish hide. Exclusive of the Great Lakes, the combined area of the larger Canadian lakes is 78,000 square miles, and in addition to this are thousands of small lakes which are little known, on any map or chart. With a prospect such as this before the fisherman there does not seem to be any reason to begrudge a fellow angler his "secret haven", for just off the beaten path may lie one's own private fishing hole.

Libraries contain many books on the art of angling, and an important addition to the collection is "Sport Fishing in Canada", a publication issued free by the National Development Bureau, Department of the Interior, Ottawa Canada. The interesting pages of this brochure relate not so much on how to angle as where, and with the fishing season just around the corner it is a timely and welcome hand-book on Canadian fishing waters.

### Cruising on Lake Winnipeg to Historic Norway House

The visitor to Manitoba with vacation days at his disposal, is in much the same position as a youngster in a candy shop with a hard-won nickel to spend. In both cases there are equally interesting and tempting ways of investing one's capital, but while the youngster's expenditure results in momentary delight that of the visitor to Manitoba will leave long cherished memories, especially should the steamer trip on lake Winnipeg be taken. It is difficult to leave the city of Winnipeg with its interesting buildings and parks, its art gallery and museum, the Historical Exhibit of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the many rail and motor trips to outlying points. The stone walls and round-tower bastions of Lower Fort Garry claim their share of attention but the steamer waits by the docks at Selkirk and like time and tide waits for no man.

A fast suburban transit line transports the traveller from Winnipeg to the busy port of Selkirk on the Red river, headquarters of the fishing fleets of lake Winnipeg and point of embarkation for the 300 mile cruise down the lake. All aboard, mooring lines cast off, and after a few hours run the steamer noses its way into the lower lake. To the left in the distance lie the curving sands of Winnipeg Beach and far to the right those of Grand Beach and Victoria Beach, delightful resorts easily reached from the city. On sails the steamer past the wild promontory of Bullhead, in and out among the islands of the Narrows and through that channel to the open water of the upper lake.

The vastness of this inland sea

is impressed on the traveller as the vessel glides across the lake. At time the course leads close in-shore, at others far out where no trace of land lies either to starboard or to port. On the vessel steams in the wake of the great canoes of the Indians and the broad beamed craft manned by hardy crews which in olden days transported furs and supplies to and from the old fort of Norway House at the northern extremity of the lake. A day is spent in this romantic spot, then the return is made to Selkirk along a new course, with new ports of call and new scenes of interest. The round trip takes one week, but if time is limited there are weekend trips from Selkirk which are equally pleasant. Whether one travels in solitary state or with a select party of friends the cruise on lake Winnipeg is sure to linger in the memory as a most refreshing and enjoyable outing.

### A Saskatchewan "Windermere"

Nine miles north of Carlyle, Saskatchewan, beautifully situated near the eastern end of the Moose mountains, lies Carlyle lake, entirely surrounded with hills and trees, and having many charming bays from which green slopes climb. Good roads lead to the lake where the clearness of the water tempts visitors of all ages to swim and bathe from the many fine beaches. More energetic visitors enjoy long rows to beauty spots along the lake shore, and scudding sail boats with full complements of happy, laughing crews add colour and movement to a charming scene. There is excellent fishing, splendid tennis courts, and a dancing pavilion with a good orchestra so that the angler, the wielders of the racquet and the followers of Terpsichore may all find entertainment to their liking.

Carlyle lake is a real gem of shimmering water in the heart of the hills and has been termed the "Windermere" of southern Saskatchewan. To know it is to love it and understand the attraction it has for the residents of the province and those from North Dakota across the border who every year make pilgrimages to its shores

### Holidays in Prince Edward Island

In formulating a programme for



the year's activities the annual vacation now assumes no small place for it has come to be generally recognized as essential to the well-being of the average citizen. As health, mental and physical, is the main object of a vacation, those who visit Prince Edward Island are assured of opportunities for the rejuvenation of listless minds and stale muscles. Lying in the southern part of the gulf of St. Lawrence, sheltered by Cape Breton from the rolling sweep of the Atlantic ocean, the situation and restful atmosphere of Prince Edward Island are conducive to those elements which make a holiday enjoyable and beneficial—change of scene, of thoughts and of habits.

Unlike other Canadian provinces the only means of reaching Prince Edward Island is over the water however, the motorist is not debarred from this holiday land as one of the finest car-ferrying steamers in the world plies between Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick, and Port Borden, Prince Edward Island. The passage of Northumberland strait, a distance of nine miles, is made in a little over one-hour. The Island may also be reached by daily steamer from Pictou, Nova Scotia or on weekly cruises from Montreal, Quebec, and other ports of the lower St. Lawrence river. By rail from Boston it is a 21 hour journey, from Montreal 24, from Toronto 32, and from Chicago 46, and during the summer season Pullman sleepers are carried through to Charlotetown, the capital and largest city of the province.

On reaching Prince Edward Island the visitor has before him a fertile land of nearly 2,200 square miles, where farm touches farm throughout the 145 miles of the island's length. Although extensively cultivated the province is not all devoted to farms as one-quarter of its area is still in woodland, much of which is scattered in clumps and groves bordering the cultivated fields, fringing the roadsides, or along the banks of streams. It is a beautiful rolling lowland, the elevation nowhere exceeding 500 feet above sea level, and over and between these low hills motor roads lead to every part of the province. The red soil of the country shows up in its roadways and these contrast with the green of the trees, blend with

the sand of curving beaches, and the blue of summer skies and the sea.

There are inland streams and pools for the angler, and tidal rivers and inlets where sea trout abound. At almost any harbour without difficulty and at moderate cost, suitable boats and equipment for deep-sea fishing can be engaged and tuna, cod, mackerel and other species can be the object of pleasant expeditions.

Sea bathing is delightful, as the water, generally speaking, is shallower than on the mainland and consequently warmer. Particularly attractive are the magnificent beaches of fine hard sand on the north shore, affording the finest of surf bathing.

Accommodation ranges from hotels and summer resorts to the pleasant farm homes on the Island and the more primitive but delightful life under canvas. Tents may be pitched in wooded groves near river or stream, where fish may be caught almost from the camp door, berries gathered from nearby bushes, and fresh milk, butter, eggs and vegetables obtained from neighbouring farms.

Cool, health-giving breezes sweeping inland, render the climate almost perfect—summer fogs and depressing heat being unknown. Golf, fishing, sailing, motoring, tennis, restful sleep, and above all hospitality and friendliness await the visitor to Prince Edward Island.

#### REGIMENTAL HISTORY

A short history, just published, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, illustrated, price \$1.00 per copy post free. Apply either to The Goat Office, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., or to the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

First Sergeant: "Don's a nice chap, but he's terribly tight."

Second Sergeant: "He's not tight, he's simply saving for a rainy day."

First Sergeant: "In that case he's expecting a flood."

## Grandfather's Grave.

Yes, said the Sergeant-major, things aren't what they seem, as my old mother used to say when somebody gave her a bad nickel on the market. Why, during the War, I've seen a young rookie come into the armouries, with a billycock hat, and a little flag in his button-hole, that you'd never believe 'd make a soldier in years—and he's over in France now, ad is name on a monument somewhere, with "D.S.O." after it.

And that reminds me of something that happened to me during the Boer War. I was a smart young sergeant then. I don't mean any disrespect to the present company, but sergeants were sergeants in those days. You should have seen our chaps turn-out—but there! you can't. so what's the use of talking.

Well, at the time I'm going to tell you about we were up De Aar way. All that part of the country was full of Dutch farmers, pretending to be loyal, but helping the enemy all they could. They would work a nice little game too. Pa and Ma and the girls would stay home, and the boys would go off and join a Boer commando. By and by they'd come round near the old home and Ma and the girls would cook the officers a first class dinner while the men got a good feed outside. Then the commandant 'd buy up all the forage Pa had to sell, and pay for it too, only he'd give a receipt saying he'd taken it for the use of the Free State Army. When he'd gone Pa'd slip the receipt to the Cape Government, with a claim for compensation, saying how he'd suffered for keeping loyal. And the Cape Government'd pay him all over again. Oh, the poor farmers had, no kick coming just then. And that wasn't the only thing they did, as you shall hear.

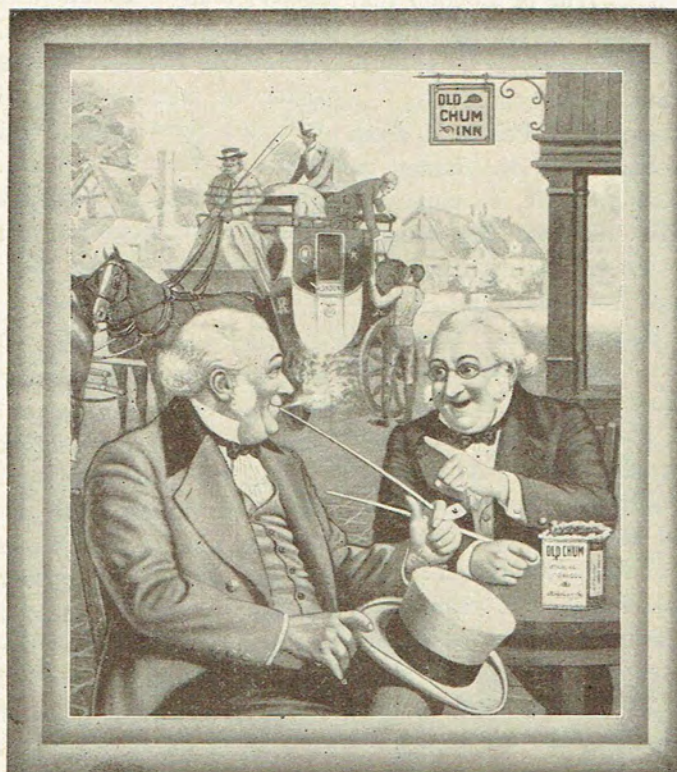
One day one of our lieutenant came to me, and told me to get together a party to go out and search for concealed weapons, as there were rumours that there was a lot on a farm about twelve miles off. Well, we started off and presently we came to the place. As we rode up a mighty pretty girl came out of the house—all smiles.

Our lieutenant was very proud of his Dutch—he'd been reading one of those 'Teach yourself' books for quite a time—so he started being pleasant and she asked him to come in. He went in with her, telling me to get busy and search the farm buildings for that ammunition. So I got the men going and then strolled over to where there was a private burying ground. You know those farms generally have a family burying ground right on the place. It's often a long way to the towns. That one had quite a few graves in it and at one end was a monument that said—I knew enough Dutch to make it out—it was the grave of Johannes Jetrus Van der Aesthuizen, who had died 'way back in 1869. 'Grandfather's Grave' I thought to myself, and by and by I went back to see how the men were getting on. Well, the corporal told me they had searched the place from top to bottom, and not a cartridge could they find. I went in, to report to the lieutenant, and found him sitting mighty comfortable in the kitchen, with an old lady standing in front of the fire, and three very attractive young females sitting talking to him. I told him we couldn't find anything and he said he wasn't surprised, for these people were as loyal as the day. He ordered me to have the 'Fall-in' sounded, and he'd be out directly.

Well, I did and got the men standing at ease, but he didn't come out. After a bit I had the call sounded again, for I thought perhaps he was so pleasantly engaged he didn't hear the first one. Then I heard a shout in the distance, and round from the back of the house came the lieutenant, running like mad, with the old vixen after him, belting him over the head with a frying pan. His helmet had fallen off, and he'd got his hands up to protect his head, but the old devil was welting him for fair. We tried not to laugh and we pulled the old woman off him—I got a whack or two myself that made me see stars—and I sent a couple of men to fetch his helmet, and we rode off.

He told me afterwards that everything went fine in the kitchen till he got up to go. Then one of the girls got in front of the window, and the others in front of the door and the old





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woman pulled a red-hot poker out of fire—the girls had kept him chatting till it was nice and ready—and she came at him yelling "Now you veromde rooinek"—that means damned, red-neck, and was a nice name they had for us—"I've got you."

He dodge round the table, but couldn't get out for a time for the girls were hunky janes and he didn't want to hurt them, and when he did break loose the old varmint was after him with that frying pan, as I've told you.

We had to go by that burying ground, as we rode past it, I said to the lieutenant "Fine grave-stone that, Sir."

He just grunted.

"For a man that's been dead so long, it looks mighty fresh," I said.

He sort of looked at me then.

"There are some spades and crowbars in one of the barns, sir,

"I said it wouldn't take long to have a look at grandpa."

"Serve the devils right," he growled, and sent a party back to get the tools.

Did those delicate females screech when they saw what we were up to? We had to put a guard round the fatigue party with fixed bayonets, and then they threw stones, would have showed up well at a ball game, I'll swear.

Well sir, we dug five hundred rifles, and I don't know how many rounds of ammunition out of that grave, but the devil a bit, as Sergeant Casey would say, of Johannes Petrus did we find.

Thanks, I don't mind if I do.

Trooper: Sgt.-Major, may I be paraded before the C.O. to-day?

Sergeant-Major, who is very busy, eyes man who apparently has not washed for some time, "Get to H-L out of here and wash your dirty face so as the C.O. can recognize you."

Sergeant: "Who the Blank-blank told you to dismount?"

Recruit: "Nobody sergeant."

Sergeant: "Then, where in—'Who the'—where did you get your order from, Headquarters?"

Recruit: "No, sergeant, Headquarters."

## Good Form.

By R. V. Horton

This is so true of London that I must begin by saying that I am not writing about any individual but of a type...

He comes into Pall-Mall from the direction of St. James, at about 9.30 p.m. He is smoking a cigar. His silk hat, his evening tie his cane are each perfect. His shoes are from Germain St. Observing that grey head, that clipped white moustache, that fine skull, those blue eyes in their nest of lines, bleak and cold, the Bolshevik would shriek "Aristocrat" and "Capitalist" and envy that face and bank account, but as a matter of fact, this old man has only four hundred a year and a certain sense of form which has never been on sale. That is all.

He walks slowly along Pall-Mall savouring the air in a quiet way casting a frozen eye over to the young Guardsman at the gate of Malborough House.

He comes to his club, enters the broad steps, and there he will remain hidden behind a newspaper till it is bedtime. Then he will take out a thin gold watch, which his father gave to him half a century ago, compare it with the clock on the mantle piece, snap his watch lid with an air of finality, and go home.

He lives in a suite of Georgian rooms in a house let out to bachelors, old and young. There is a valet on the premises, when he has paid his rent he has just enough to keep his tailor respectful, and to procure the whiskey and cigars to which he has always been accustomed. No one ever comes to see him, no woman ruffles his smooth life. He lives along with the antlers of the stag he shot in '75 and over the mantle piece hangs an old pattern cavalry sword.

His books deal mostly with dead elephants and old wars. His pictures show him, young and fresh sitting among the subalterns in martial groups taken outside Officers messes, or, older, standing with one foot on a dead pig somewhere in India, perhaps holding up the limp paw of a tiger or sitting on a alert Polo pony on some vast duty ground. That was his life.

Who, you wonder was the Lady of the Lilly Langtry era in the silver frame and the court plumes? Who knows? She gazes out at the old man all day with a sweet and constant expression which may of course be misleading. His mother perhaps, or a favourite sister, or possibly the girl who took the right turning and married someone with a real income. You never can tell, and lonely old men do not talk except to themselves, about the women who look at them from silver frames.

Every evening this old man goes into his little bedroom where he shave and dresses, as though he were going to a dinner party. He ties his tie as carefully as though he were dining with a woman (Perhaps he is). And he sits there all alone, with the sword and the antlers, eating the meat and unspectacular meal which they bring up to him from the service kitchen. Sometimes he has a glass of claret. It is good claret. He has little of anything, but you may depend upon it that everything he has is good. His guns cost a hundred and fifty guineas fifty years ago and they are as good as ever.

Once a year he receives a letter with a Scottish postmark inviting him to join a shooting party on a friends estate. This is the great event of his life, the whiskey bottle is not replenished and he stops his cigars.

Those beautiful guns are uncased, and he devotes days to them. He sees that every inch of them is right and cocks them through the window at unsuspecting passers-by, or whispers 'mark over' and lifts them towards his adam ceiling with a promising swiftness.

His eyes look bluer and bleaker. The valet comes in sometimes and finds him just sitting and smiling in his arm chair by the fire. He is very happy.

The guard at King's Cross spots him for a real toff, and there is much unnecessary fussing round him as he and his gun cases are shown into the sleeping car.

Then Scotland.....and the heather, misty days, and a big easy country house, talk and reminiscence and shooting. He tips the gillie two pounds, and returns to St. James to drink water for a while.

## The Sam Brown Belt Traduced.

By the Ex-642nd Dragoon

Interviewer. (quizzing Sam—Brown-belted flunky, rifting brasswork in movie lobby where ye scribe had sought sanctuary from the elements a day or three ago) 'Whatsoever outfit boasted thine excellent command, Rastus?'

Rastus. "Whatcha all mean, suh outfit?"

Interviewer: "Regiment, Ras. regiment!"

Rastus: "Ah don comman nuthin, boss. I's jes plain flunky."

Interviewer: "Dost needs an war trapping, then, with sundry dinguses for portage of the barking gat, in the prosecution of thine exalted pursuits, Ras?"

Rastus: "That thar belt don mean nuthin, nohow. Nosuh. It am jis part uv this yar lively. Yesuh—yesuh."

Interviewer: "Well, you's is regal insignia, Ras, ole' saint!"

Rastus: "Man, yo ain't seen nuthin yit! Yo wana see' sumpin, boss, jes drop roun yonder Hound-awg Bus some mawnin an pass yo eye ovah them chauffeur get-ups. Army generals' gear ain't nuthin side them boys' fixins, nohow. Nosuh."

Interviewer: "You're tellin' me?"

\* \* \* \*

It was the consensus of opinion, when the inventive brain of the Englishman, Sam Brown, Esq., devised the soldier belt that bore his good name to the far clime, that it was to be consecrated to, and would remain under the jurisdiction of, the military.

Nor did anyone dream, when this regal badge of ranking defenders of flag and country made its debut on the remotest barrack square, or even later on when use of the leathern facility was "bequeathed" to certain defined grades of the vigilant village watchman, that the whim and caprice of any civilian, born or unborn, would one day reduce it to the level of the crisping pin of old.

Because that, virtually, has been the fate of the hallowed Sam Brown And we submit, gentlemen, that these mincing pseudo-subalterns of the bus marines can have no more legitimate use for regalia



of a soldier than has our denature Teddycat for the proverbial spare extension to his aging dorsal vertebra.

One thing is assured, however. No bus chauffeur, like our friend Rastus, ever gets beyond the point of evident self-consciousness in the wearing of a Sam Brown belt over an army officer-looking garb. When such put them on there is always the scad of a smirk around the corner of the kisser and a bit of defiance in the peeper. Then, too, there is the ever-present suggestion of swagger.

Unlike the army or police officer they would ape, however, no amount of association with military moded gear can render him unconscious of their presence. They have arrogated to themselves about everything from the army of- ficer's world.

As we view it, there is but one saving aspect about the whole cuckoo business. They may practice and rehearse, they may concentrate and correspond from now till the crack of doom, but they'll never, never master the mein of the army officer or acquire the graceful rakish tilt of his uniform cap.

Come to think of it, though, isn't there just a mite of irony in the fact that the lout who unlawfully flashes a 'Hodecarriers,' fraternal emblem down the village Main Stem is made the recipient of a snug financial set-back, perhaps a man-handled and slough in into the county clink to boot, while the so-called bus "pilot" minces unmolested in a belt totally alien to the moral requirements of any civilian walk of life? The ayes seem to have it!

\* \* \* \*

And now be it therefore known: That an affronted soldiery and a pained public, clamors for the hour when "an war trapping" ceases to deck the duds back of the helm of ye roaming bus.

Meanwhile— pursuant to a hoary army precept—"Whomsoever, whether unlawfully or wantonly, girdleth his habiliments for an high look to the hurt of his regal neighbour, or e'en causeth the which to be done, the same will we knot know".....Selah.

Here lies the body of jazbo Tuck. His flivver argued with a truck.



#### THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

The trooper who asked what a jig-saw puzzle was?

That young trooper who wants to take a correspondance course in boxing?

What our transport Corporal said when he ran into a skunk recently? ?

The Militia Sergeant who wanted to take a photograph of the Last Post.

The trooper who lost his false teeth on the ride? (Glad that you found them, Ted' soup diet for you.)

A young soldier, perplexed at Lacadie, Approached a young damsel named Sadie.

"Mademoiselle, voulez-vous...." She replied "What the' Who'? Your mistake, I ain't that sort of a lady."

A Batchelor is a man who looks before he leaps—then stays where he is.

## Sand Shark Hunting in Jamaica.

"How would you like to go with us to shoot sand sharks?" my husband ask me. "Sand sharks," said I, "like that monster you caught on the line last week? Wouldn't it be rather dangerous?" "Oh no," said he, "not at all. They won't eat you as an ordinary shark would. You remember how small its mouth was" "Yes," said I, hesitatingly, and remembering that although its mouth was smaller than other sharks, it had had murderously sharp-looking teeth. "Yes, I'd like to go, but—" "Oh, that's all right then," he cried. "We'll go tomorrow, and wear our bathing suits for fear of an upset, and shoot all sharks at Hodge Cave."

We had often caught sharks in the harbour at Black River, on a line, indeed sharks abound in this vicinity, tiger sharks, hammer-heads, and several other varieties, but never had gone shooting them before, so this promised to be an exciting adventure. Accordingly, about five o'clock the next morning found us rowing slowly along the mangroves which grow all along the shore from Black River to the little cove where at certain times of the year the sand sharks come up to lie in the clear water

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on the white sands and bask in the sun. A friend in a smaller boat, accompanied by a black fisherman renowned for his prowess in noosing sharks alive, had gone ahead, and as we followed leisurely we amused ourselves by watching the seabed in the clear water underneath. For the most part it was covered with patches of long waving sea-grass, with here and there a gorgeous queen conk nestling in the midst. Strange fish we saw, some all silver, others striped in brilliant colours, and once a bright blue parrot fish darted away, disturbed by our invasion. Over clear white sand we passed, then more grass and clusters of coral and waving sea fans of purple and rose. In places the negro boatman had to get out of the boat and push us through the long sea-grass as the water was so shallow. Then we heard a shot which in the early stillness of the morning seemed to startle the very air, then another. "Come on, men," cried my husband, "Mr. Hall has found the sharks. We must hurry or there will be no sport for us."

The men pushed harder at the boat, then as we suddenly struck deep water, scrambled in and rowed with a will for the point where the mangroves grew right over the water. As we rounded this, a tiny bay appeared, encircled by mangroves except for one spot of gleaming sandy beach. On this Mr. Hall and his boatman had landed, and pulled up their boat. I exclaimed in surprise, for right up close to the shore, lying on the sand, or so it seemed, with their backs and fins out of water, seeming to be asleep in the warm sun, lay about thirty or thirty-five large sand sharks.

As we approached, making as little noise as possible, they did not appear to be aware of our presence, until when we were within a few yards of the nearest one, my husband fired. There was a terrific commotion in the water for a minute or so, and then the shark turned over and sank. After a time the water cleared again and the boatmen hauled the dead shark into the boat. It was about seven feet in length, and had a much smaller mouth than the tiger or hammerhead, but for all that its teeth were cruel-looking and very sharp. During the next hour we

shot four others and wounded one, which, after darting in several directions, and once nearly knocking us all into the water by rushing violently under the boat, disappeared, leaving the water tinged with red, and we saw no more of it.

Then the most exciting event of the morning took place. While we lay quietly waiting for a calm to settle once more, and hoping the huge creatures would return, right over under the mangroves a commotion commenced in the water. "Look," I cried, "that must be our wounded shark turning over in his death throes." Sure enough what we saw appeared to be our big shark lashing itself about in the water in a frenzy, and turning and turning in the shallow water. My husband told the men to row towards the spot, and as we got near, prepared to try another shot at it but the boatmen protested, saying they would get out into the water and kill it with their cutlasses. They seemed to have no fear of it, but then no one has ever heard of a shark attacking a native. Any way, when we were quite close, they rolled up their trousers well above the knees, and getting out of the boat, stood nearly waist-high in the water. Each made a grab at a fin as the monster fish turned again, and then with wild yells scrambled back into the boat and fell in a heap on the bottom. It was not our wounded shark at all, but two others who were engaged in a duel to the death. One had a fin of the other between his teeth, and as our boatmen grabbed, the sharks in a huge fright plunged madly, and letting go of each other, darted away into deep water, each in a different direction. I believe the sharks, who were totally unaware of our approach, were even more alarmed than our boatmen, and the latter sat in the bottom of the boat, wiping the perspiration from their foreheads, quite frightened for once. "Lard," me scared for true," said one. "Me stay in boat, not getting out again." Of course we were scared also, but principally because the boat nearly turned over when the men fell into it, as we did not relish being thrown into the shark-infested water.

For some time after this we sat quietly while the water cleared

and half an hour later about ten of the sharks had come back, and once more lay lazily in the water, half asleep, for all the world as if no one had interrupted them. Then Sinclair, Mr. Hall's boatman, appeared out of the mangroves with a long coil of rope on his arm. "What is that for?" I questioned curiously. "Hush," said my husband, "you will soon see." The boatman had his trousers rolled high, and wading into the water so gently as to hardly cause a ripple, he uncoiled part of the rope which we now saw had a slip noose at the end of it. We held our breath as he drew near the first shark. Surely the fish would see him; but no, it appeared quite unconscious. Suddenly he bent forward and deftly slipped the noose over the tail, then tightened it at once, while Mr. Hall ran into the water and seized the other end flung to him at almost the same time. The water was threshed to foam as the shark dashed first in one direction and then in another in an effort to escape. Gradually the two men hauled it up on the shore, where it lay heaving and flapping mightily on the sand. This shark measured about eight feet. During the next hour six more were landed alive in the same manner, and once the boatmen landed two at once by noosing both their tails as they lay side by side.

The heat had become intense by this time, and the sea breeze was starting, so we decided we had better return home. Our two boats were loaded with all the dead sharks we could carry, six in all, and the rest we left on the beach. Our trophies were taken down to the town, where for the rest of the day an admiring population came to have a look at them, and to hear the stories of the boatmen. As for us, we were thoroughly tired out after our morning's outing, and a cool verandah and an iced drink were very acceptable while we planned another excursion in the near future.

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"Courage, morale and wise guidance are needed today for all ages, as they have seldom been in history."—Newton D. Baker.

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"The difficulty of choosing men especially capable for the tasks assigned is one of the curses of the Democratic system."—Benito Mussolini.

## Records of Other Regiments.

### 1st The Royal Dragoons Battle—Honours Borne on Standard.

"Tangier, 1662/1680." "Dettingen," "Warburg," "Beaumont," "Willems," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Balaclava," "Sevastopol," "Relief of Ladysmith," "South Africa, 1899 / 1902." "Ypres, 1914/15," "Frezenberg," "Loos," "Arras, 1917," "Somme, 1918," "Amiens," "Hindenburg Line," "Cambrai, 1918," "Pursuit to Mons." "France and Flanders, 1914/18."

Nowadays the mention of "Tangier" awakens in the minds of most people a mental picture of an interesting city of "the Nearest East," governed by some queer sort of an international committee and much frequented by tourists of all nations, eager to bask in the African sun. But to our ancestors in the days of Charles II, the mention of Tangier would conjure up visions of an outpost of European civilization, constantly besieged by fanatical Moslems. Tangier became a British possession as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, when she married "the Merry Monarch." No doubt the Portuguese were rather glad to get rid of it.

Among the British soldiers sent out to garrison Tangier in 1661 were several troops of Cuirassiers, who were formed into a regiment known as The Tangier Horse. For over twenty years they were constantly on active service, and on several occasions they distinguished themselves, notably in 1664 when a party of Tangier Horsemen, under Captain Witham, routed a Moorish army from Fez and captured its scarlet standard. In another action, fought on September 27th 1680, it is recorded of the regiment that "its troopers fought with distinguished bravery, capturing a standard of curious workmanship." At last the English Parliament decided that to hold Tangier cost more in blood and treasure than the place was



worth; they declined to vote any more supplies for continuing its defence, so the British garrison blew up the mole, evacuated the place, and returned home, where they soon had to fight against the unfortunate followers the Duke of Monmouth at the Battle of Sedgemoor.

Shortly after the regiment's return home it was granted the title of "The King's Own Royal Regiment of Dragoons," a title soon shortened to "The Royal Dragoons," by which name it has continued to be known up to the present date. John Churchill, afterwards famous as the great Duke of Marlboro, served in the regiment at this period.

The Royal Dragoons were with William of Orange in his campaign in Ireland and on the continent. They also served under Marlborough in the Netherlands, and afterwards took part in the campaign in Portugal, 1706/1710.

At Dettingen the regiment captured the standards of one of the crack corps of the French army—The Mousquetaires Noir. Later,

The Royal Dragoons served under the Marquis of Granby, in Germany, 1760/62, under the Duke of York in Flanders 1793/4, and under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. The gallantry of the regiment in the last mentioned battle was particularly notable. The Royal Dragoons, as part of the Union Brigade, charged a French column 4,000 strong, and "after a desperate fight, returned with a French Eagle." This trophy, the Eagle of the 105th French Regiment of Infantry of the Line, was captured by Captain Clark-Kennedy (who was severely wounded in the struggle). This officer then handed it to Corporal Francis Stiles, to take it to the rear. Corporal Stiles was rewarded with a commission in The West India Regiment. A representation of the captured Eagle is worn as a collar-badge by the Royal Dragoons at the present time.

The next active service of the regiment was in the Crimea, where they were again in close companionship with their comra-

des of the Union Brigade: so called because it consisted of an English Regiment (The Royal Dragoons,) a Scottish Regiment (The Royal Scots Greys) and an Irish Regiment (The Inniskilling Dragoons). At Balaclava they took part in the charge of the Heavy Brigade—one of the most successful charges in the history of British cavalry, though so far as the "man in the street" is concerned its fame has been entirely eclipsed by the Charge of the Light Brigade, immortalized by Tennyson's poem.

A detachment of the regiment formed part of the Heavy Camel Regiment in the Nile Expedition, 1884/85, but otherwise The Royal Dragoons led an uneventful existence on home service until the Boer War of 1899/1902, when the regiment took part in the Relief of Ladysmith.

During the Great War, the 1st Royal Dragoons served for over four years on the Western Front. They saw a good deal of hard fighting and suffered very heavy casualties at the First and Se-

cond Battles of Ypres. In company with the 9th Bn. The Royal Irish Fusiliers, the 1st Royal Dragoons fought a most creditable rearguard action at Villeselve, on March 24th 1918. Of their work on this day Sir Arthur Conan Doyle records, in his book "The British Campaign in France and Flanders," how "The 1st Royal Dragoons were prominent in a fine charge in which they sabred many of the enemy and relieved the pressure upon the Irish Fusiliers of the 109th Brigade at a time when it was very heavy."

One Victoria Cross has been awarded to a member of the regiment. This was won by 2/Lt. J. S. Dunville in 1917. He was in charge of a party of scouts and sappers engaged on demolition work, and deliberately placed himself between an n.c.o. of the R.E. and the evening's fire so that the n.c.o. might complete a technical job of great importance. Though severely wounded, 2/Lt. Dunville continued to direct his men in wire-cutting until the raid was completed. He

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afterwards died of wounds received on his occasion.

29 Battle Honours have been won by the regiment, whose cap-badge is the Royal Crest of England (Lion and Crown) with their title on a scroll below. The regimental motto is "Spectamur Agendo" (Judge us by our deeds). The regimental nick names are "The Royals", also "The Bird Catchers" or "The Eagle Takers" with reference to the Waterloo trophy. It is of interest to note that H.R.H. The Emperor of Germany (Kaiser Wilhelm II) was Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment from 1894 to 1914.

R. Maurice Hill.

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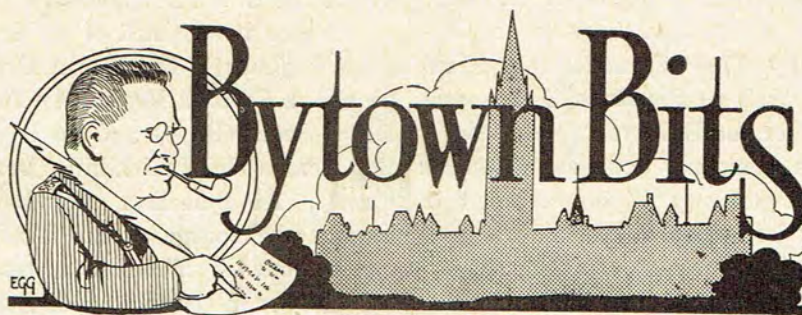
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**43rd Association:**—The former members of the 43rd Ottawa and Carleton Rifles, known in latter years as the 43rd Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles, have formed themselves into an association and several meetings towards organization have taken place in the past month. The old unit was one of the first formed in Eastern Ontario and became the 43rd D.C.O.R., after the visit of the present King to Canada in 1901. The regiment was disbanded after the war and is perpetuated by the 38th Ottawa Highlanders. The first president of the association is Colonel Sir Percy Sherwood, C.M.G., who was commanding officer at the time of the visit to Canada, of His Majesty King George. His Majesty was for many years Colonel in Chief of the unit and is now Colonel in Chief of the Highlanders.

**Term Extended:**—The term of appointment of Major General A. G. McNaughton, as chief of staff has been extended for a further period of five years.

**At Rideau Hall:**—Captain A. G. Tryon, Coldstream Guards, has arrived at Government House as A.D.C., to His Excellency the Governor General. He succeeds Captain Sir John Child, Grenadier Guards, who has resigned.

**Garrison Ball:**—The Officers of His Majesty's Forces in Ottawa and Hull are holding their annual ball at the Chateau Laurier on the evening of the 20th instant. The annual ball of the Ottawa and Hull Garrison Sergeants Association will also be held at the Chateau on the 17th of March.

**Command Changes:**—At the end of the present month, Lieut.

Col. W. C. N. Marroitt, relinquishes command of the 3rd Divisional Train C.A.S.C. He is being succeeded by Major Edward E. Williams, the present second in command. Major Williams has had a long and distinguished military career. He was one of the first Canadian Division supply column in France for nearly two years, when he was returned to England owing to ill health. For the duration of the war he was on duty in the London area. Major Williams is one of the outstanding officers of the city and his promotion is a popular one in the garrison.

**Inspected Signals:**—On the evening of the 9th instant, His Excellency the Governor General, accompanied by Captain R. F. Stuart-French, inspected the 3rd Divisional Signals under command of Lieut. Col. V. S. McClenaghan, M.C. at their quarters in Regal building. Cups and trophies won at recent competitions were presented. A number of officers from Headquarters also were present including Brigadier General A. H. Bell, Adjutant General and Colonel Elroy Forde, Director of Signals.

**Drawing Room:**—His Excellency the Governor General held a Drawing Room on the evening of the 10th instant in the Senate Chamber. The Field Officer in Brigade Waiting was Major R. J. Leach, R.C.A. assisted by Major Donald A. Grant, M.C. R.C.D. The Guard of Honor was supplied by the Governor General's Foot Guards and the following officers were in personal attendance on Their Excellencies: Major General A. G. L. McNaghton, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Major General A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Group Captain, J. L. Gordon, D.F.C.; Commodore Walter Hose, C. B. E.; Brigadier A. C. Caldwell, and Major General J. H. MacBrien,

C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Brigadier General C. H. MacLaren, Air Commodore, R.H. Mullock, Col. C. M. Edwards, Col. W. W. Foster, Group Captain W. A. Bishop, Col. J. A. Hope Lt.-Col. J. E. L. Streight, Lt.-Col. W. C. Prince, Lt. Col. H. M. Wallis, Lt. Col. J. R. Gale, Lt. Col. George A. Drew, Lt.-Col. J. C. Foy, Lt. Col. F. G. Garneau, and Lt. Col. G. L. Jennings

The staff from the Governor General's household included Lt. Col. H. Willis O'Conor, D.S.O., A.D.C., Captain R. F.H.P. Stuart-French, Captain E. C. Colville, Col. Eric Mackenzie, D.S.O. comptroller of the household; Captain Charles G. V. Tryon and Mr. A. F. Lascelles, secretary to the Governor-General.

Our friends in the attached squadron are holding the usual arguments about the many mysteries, usages, and customs of the Service, and generally end up by appealing to the Instructor for a decision, one of the questions was this,—“Does a man have to fall off his horse 20 or 25 times before it is said that he knows how to ride?” The answer was that...

“20 times is considered sufficient for a subaltern's Certificate, 25 for a field Officer.”

One of the troops recently paid a visit to Montreal and on enquiring at a Hotel for a room was told the rates were 75c and \$1.00 per night.

On the clerk being asked the reason for this difference, he replied “The Dollar rooms have rat-traps in them.”

Who was the trumpeter to sound “First Post” for Reveille one Sunday morning, and did the same trumpeter on another occasion sound “Mess Call” for “morning stables?” (Was he hungry?)

“Only by sacrifices can man advance—sacrifice of leisure, of health of life itself, to attain nature's ever-receding ideal.”—Sir Arthur Keith.

“Economy a one—particularly, ill-considered economies—will not end the depression or restore prosperity.” Henry L. Doherty.



With the Compliments of  
James F. Cosgrave,  
Toronto, Ont.

Toronto Notes.

Hats off to 'B' Coy, they won the Stanley Barracks Hockey Cup for the first time since 1926, and deserve hearty congratulations which we unstintingly give them. We will get our own back next year.

We extend a cordial welcome to Trooper J. E. Shackley who was taken on the strength of 'B' Squadron last month.

Trooper Charlie Smith has returned from Christie Street Hospital, discharged after an operation for appendicitis. He is looking very fit and well.

S.Q.M.S. H. Simpson is also out of Hospital, and back at work again. "Quarter had a narrow escape when he fell down the flight of stone steps from the Q.M. Stores, and we are glad to see him

back again.

A/Cpl. G. Morgan, is holidaying in the Old Country, having re-engaged just before he left.

TORONTO GARRISON SER-  
GEANTS' CRIBBAGE LEAGUE

Standing as at February 25th, 1933

Team	Pld.	W	L	D	Pts
Queens Rangers	17	10	5	2	22
C.A.M.C.	18	11	7	0	22
Mounted Brig.	17	9	5	3	21
48th High'ers	18	8	6	4	20
R.C.D.	18	9	8	1	19
Grenadiers	18	7	6	5	19
Toronto Scot.	18	7	6	5	19
Toronto Reg.	18	7	8	3	17
Queens Own					
Rifles	17	7	8	2	16
R.C.E.	18	6	10	2	14
Artillery	17	6	10	1	13
Irish Reg.	18	4	12	2	10

"The supposed wisdom of proverbs is mainly imaginary. As a rule, proverbs go in pairs, which say opposite things."—Bertrand Russell.

Random Remarks.

Having written devious remarks on Hockey, Horse Shows, and other important events, we are almost out of words when we come to this column. However, it is in order to avoid another 'preponderance' of St. Johns news that we cudgel our brains.

Incidentally we think it was a trick on the part of the Asst. Editor to have printed such a word last month, as half the Squadron approached us with a view to finding out what it meant and as we didn't know ourselves we had to make up several explanations, and after looking up the dictionary we found that one of our explanations was right, but we have forgotten who we told it to.

Alibis are never in good form . . . . .excuses should always be better left unsaid. . . . .(this begins

to look like another column)—a good loser never complains but just the same we cannot help but feel that it was a mistake to have the Hockey Cup at the Rink, when the game was played. The array of R.C.D. shields on the base of it was enough to make any team run riot and cause a change.

Albert, alias Bluebell, had another peculiar adventure the other day which he is proud to make public. It appears that he recently placed his false teeth inside a rubber glove which he uses to wash up in, and now every time he puts his gloves on, he bites his nails. He should consider himself lucky he didn't put his gloves in his hip pocket.

George wants to know if a 'five gaited' horse is one that has been given the 'gate' five times. If so, he claims he has a nine gated horse—No. 11.

Anyone who thinks the R.C.R. victory wasn't a popular one



should have heard the three cheers given by the boys of the Squadron when the truck returned to Barracks. There weren't many of them there, but the noise they made would have made any team feel proud of their achievement.

Senor Alfreda Maffiosa alias Hyp. Alfie, has at last been convinced that he goes to school to learn, and not to teach. At a recent lecture on Map Reading, he was all ready, and willing to show the lecturer how it is done, when the lecturer surprised him by asking, "Is your hat on straight or is your face crooked?" Exit Alfie.

Egbert O'Neill is still very keen on Toronto, he now claims that the air up here has caused his hair to curl.

The staff in the Station Hospital are getting a bed ready. The old Comrades smoker is being held next month, and someone has to decorate the gym.... (Notice any connection?)

## HOCKEY.

'B' Sqn. R.C.D. 1—'B' Coy. The R.C.R. 3

The Inter-Unit hockey match for the Stanley Barracks Hockey Cup was played at the Ravina Rink on Thursday February 16th, 1933, and resulted in a win for the Infantry for the first time since 1927. The game which was well contested was won by the better team on the play, and the Drags never seemed to get started. All the R.C.R. goals were scored within the first five minutes, and this seemed to take the heart out of the Drags, who never were able to cut down the lead after the first period. Connors scored the first goal after about two minutes of play, and almost immediately afterwards, Hill score twice, making the score three to nil almost before the Drags realised that there was a game on. Just before the period ended, Parker scored for the Drags on a perfect pass from Galloway who passed out from behind the net, and this



And another little shot won't do us any harm.

ended the scoring for the entire game. The R.C.R. were well content to protect their lead in the two succeeding periods, and had no little difficulty in keeping their opponents out, only stellar work by McNamara in goal preventing the Drags from tying it up, and perhaps winning the game. Time after time, Galloway and Stafford were through for what looked like sure goals, only to find Mac invincible, his work at times bordering on the sensational. Baker, on the Infantry defence was perhaps their outstanding player, even though he didn't star from a scoring stand-point, and even though he drew five penalties, his work on the defence had a lot to do with slowing our boys up. Galloway and Stafford were the pick of the Drags and ran into a lot of hard luck which kept them from scoring. After the first period the Drags tried hard, but were unable to score and the game ended with the R.C.R.'s the winners. They were naturally much cheered at breaking the jinx which had stayed with them for so long, and

while our boys were naturally disappointed at losing, they lost after a desperate struggle, and were very unlucky.

The teams lined up as follows:

R.C.R.—McNamara, goal; Baker, defence; Anthony, Connors and Hill, forwards; Hubbard, Frape subs.

R.C.D.—Davidson, goal; Galloway and Nickle, defence; Parker, Stafford and Knights, forwards; Hare, Stuart, Washington, Ward Green and Matthews, subs.

Penalties—First Period, Galloway, Baker; Second period, Baker; Third period, Baker, Nickle, Parkr, Baker, Wilson, Baker.

Total, R.C.R. 12 minutes

R.C.D. 6 minutes

Stops by goal-tenders—R.C.R. 26, R.C.D. 14.

## Here and There.

March entered like a lion, and was sent back for further instruction.....the School of Cavalry is about over, and we can walk to our meals again....heard some reports about a young trumpeter

who although hard pressed and passionately invited to join the Mounties, refused, as he preferred to join the Drags and teach many trumpeters (What?)..... we don't know how much he was supposed to receive for all these duties, rough-riding, etc. but it certainly made us feel as if we were working for nothing.....Oh Thidnay How Could You?.....

.....The bason (H.H.) tells us about a time in Calgary when they went without water for eleven weeks, and had to shave in tea—....Vas you dere Sharlie?....The chocolate kids of First Troop are still boosting Frys, "builds bonny bouncing babies"....John and Hal (you know me) are looking forward to Camp, and so is McBride.....we felt embarrassed the other day when we took a fall off a horse in full view of the Very Rough Tough and Gruff Ruff-riders who were gracefully doing a regimental trot on their very Fierce and Fiery steeds.... there is still some hot water in Barracks (by special permission of Ripley).....if you don't believe us ask Matty....Duff (Thos) claims that he was disqualified from the Bisley Meet of 1856 for "bodyline shooting".....

Jock was in time to open Parliament last month....a bit late but good turn out eh —Jock..Alfred J. alias Hypotenuse Alfie numbered "X" when told to tell off by sections, and promptly produced pencil (from behind his ear) and paper (from some secret recess in his trousers) to prove his theory to the astonished troop Sergeant..... Did Hall (You ought to know me) really write to Dorothy Dix re matrimonial prospects?.....Connie still supports the Leafs, Marlboroughs, Nationals, Seaford, Caufield Dairy, and Toronto Ladies according to which every team wins,....we sure'y commend this very patriotic spirit.....he says he'll bet anyone that O.H.A. will win the O.H.A.....Mickey says that the 4th Hussar is now a 5th Hussar.....trying to unearth literary talent is like trying to collect debts on the 28th of the month.....try and get it..... Oh well, if we didn't do this we'd probably do something else .....How long is a pint of milk Alfie?.....so long.

J. B. H.



## R.C.D. Old Comrades Association.

### ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Business Meeting of the Association was held on Saturday February 18th, 1933 at the University Avenue Armories.

Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., in the chair.

Officers elected for 1933 are as follows:

President—Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

Vice-President—Mr. C. Morrison.

Sec.-Treasurer—S.M.A. A. F. Madden.

Committee—Mr. H. W. Heawood, Mr. J. Sutherland, Q.M.S.I. J. MacLean, M.M., S.S.M.I., J. Copeland, D.C.M.

Auditors—Major Hethrington and Major Medhurst.

It was decided to hold the Annual re-union smoker on Saturday April 8th, 1933, and to hold the picnic again at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The President addressed the meeting referring to the Regimental History, the March Past, etc.

The Annual Statement appears elsewhere in this issue.

### HOCKEY

#### H.Q. M.D. No. 2,—6, Stanley Barracks 2.

A team drawn from Headquarters M.D. No. 4 Kingston, Ont., defeated the Stanley Barracks team by the score of 6 to 2 in a game played on Saturday morning March 11th.

The Kingston team presented a fast skating aggregation, their front line particularly having all kinds of speed, and were always able to dominate the play when they were on the ice. Although outscored, the Barracks team experienced a lot of tough luck around the nets, and the play was closer than the score would indicate.

In the first period, Batty scored on a pass from Thurlby after about a minute of play, and then the Barracks pressed hard, and Anthony missed several royal chances to tie it up. MacNamara in goal for the Barracks was doing some nice work, and made some spectacular stops to keep the score down. Baker was through, but his

shot was weak, and directly afterwards he drew the first penalty for tripping. Playing a man short, the Barracks were often in difficulties, but good defensive work on the part of Baker and Wilson kept the core down, and in fact Galloway and Stafford both missed open goals during this period, Thurlby made it 2-0 for Kingston as Baker came back on the ice, and for several minutes the puck was kept in Kingston territory, but the Barracks were unable to beat Jordon in goal. The first period ended without any further scoring.

Just after the second period started Daybell scored for Kingston, McNamara made a great save but the puck rolled over his stick into the net, Ward made a great effort, but was skated off just as he prepared to shoot, and Stafford and Galloway were both through but shot wide. Stafford finally scored for the Barracks on a perfect pass from Galloway from behind the net, and this put new life into the Barracks team. The Kingston team were hard pressed, and then Anthony and Batty drew penalties for roughing. With both teams a man short, the Barracks continued to press hard, and several times were through for what looked like sure goals. Kelly scored for Kingston on a nice combination play with Thurlby getting the

assist, and this ended the scoring for the second period.

The Barracks were still in there

when in the final period started, and should have scored on several occasion. Stafford and Ward were

## R. C. D. Old Comrades Association. Annual Statement 1932.

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES	
1-1-'32			
Balance Credit in bank	\$249.14	Printing	\$ 26.58
Annual Fees	104.00	Smoker	234.74
By sale of badges	18.50	Badges, (48)	24.00
City of Toronto	200.00	Press Ads.	61.20
Sergeants' Mess	21.00	Postage and Revenue Stamps	12.50
Officers Mess, (Picnic)	20.95	Phone and Cables	1.68
Tradesmen	10.50	Taxis, (Funerals)	2.00
Sale of boat tickets	100.75	Picnic	176.81
		Port Folio	8.15
		Wreaths	28.00
		Caretaker (Amps. Club)	5.00
		Balance Credit in Bank	144.18
	\$724.84		\$724.84
ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Balance Credit in bank	\$144.18		
Badges in stock	5.50	Nil.	
	\$149.68		\$149.68
Audited and found correct, (Signed) J. McLean, J. Sutherland February 15th, 1933.		A. F. MADDEN, Secretary-Treasurer.	



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**The Annual Re-Union Smoker will be**  
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**Saturday, April 8th, 1933.**

right in close, but Jordon outguessed them, and then Kingston pressed, and McNamara had several trying moments. Connors and Hill went deep into Kingston territory, but were unable to shoot being skated off by Stanton. Thurlby scored again on a nice solo effort, shooting almost from behind the nets, and the Kingston players dominated the play for several minutes, and again were rewarded when Batty scored on a pass from Thurlby. With the score 6 to 1 against them, the Barracks tried desperate measures playing every man up, and kept the puck in Kingston territory for most of the remainder of the game. Kingston occasionally breaking away but being unable to score any further.

Galloway made it 2 for the Barracks on a nice pass from Stafford, and McNamara was taken off, and six forwards put on. Play was kept in Kingston territory, and the Barracks missed many chances to add to their score, while Kingston shot the puck up the ice whenever they got a chance. The game ended with the Barracks all round Jordon in goal, but no one seemed able to put the puck in.

The Kingston team were fast, had good combination, and were a pleasant team to watch. Their best line was Batty, Thurlby, and Daybell, while Stanton was a tower of strength on the defence. For the Barracks, Galloway and Stafford played their usual sterling game, while McNamara in goal was

at times sensational. Baker, Nickle and Ward missed several grand chances to score. Hubbard showed some fast work, and was always a threat, boring in on every shot, and was unlucky not to have scored.

The teams are:

Kingston, H.Q.—Jordon, goal; Stanton and Kelly, defence; Batty Thurlby and Daybell, forwards; subs: Pathen, Warrington and Hanley.

Stanley Barracks: — McNamara, goal; Baker and Wilson, defence; Hill, Connors and Anthony, forwards; Subs: Stuart, Nickle, Galloway, Stafford, Ward and Hubbard.

Stops by goal-tenders:

McNamara .. 12, 14, 9—35  
 Jordon .. .. 9, 10, 17—36

An officer of the Regiment, returning from leave in France, had partaken of a heavy dinner before joining his train at the Base station. He took a seat in a train which he thought was destined for his railhead. Just as he settled down an official came along and

hauled him out. He then took his seat in another train from which he was subsequently removed. From this he went to another train and entered a compartment in which was seated a newly joined and somewhat stereotyped chaplain. In the dark he did not make an effort to restrain his vocabulary, and he did not realize the profession of his companion but asked in flowery language, "Am I right for Hazebrouck?" The Padre said, "You are right? for Hell." Whereupon a weary voice said, "Curse it, I'm in the wrong train again."

The following incident occurred during the conduct of the Advance Guard Scheme and is a good illustration of the force of imagination required, in carrying out such schemes with "skeleton" forces.

Officer (as he overtakes a trooper trotting ahead)—"What are you supposed to represent?"

Trooper—"I'm a section, sir; but I've just sent forward two scouts—and I'm one of them."



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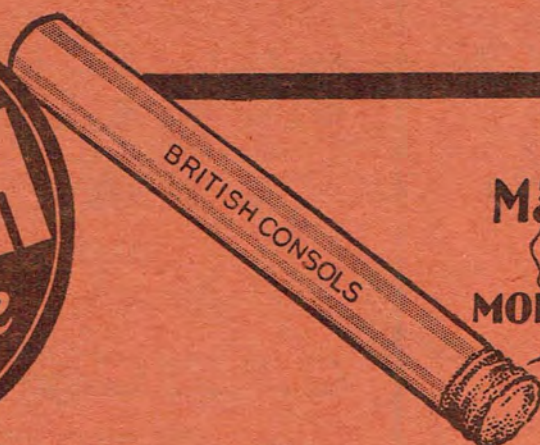
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